

## Keak Da Sneak "That Go"

Visit "[That Go](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

He just might go all the way  
Goin goin, long gone  
first, second, third, Home  
Oakland, Athletic fit ballin  
Four quarters, nine innings im as good as your last  
winner  
Im grinnin, caught up in it doors open  
ghost ridin dope smokin when u come to oakland  
hold it down for the bay, yup its a rap  
run up in the spot, can runnin with tremendo slap  
Move to the Town, dont do nothin like warren sapp  
major blaps, discoverin on the map  
we some pimps, grab a strap just like the cops  
young gun, eets ts ts sts sts ts ts ts blow  
open up shot, poppin my collar  
cut throat people change for the mighty dollar  
if you fakin now you never been real, coward  
Goin 60, runnin red lights and

That shit go, that go, that go, that go  
That go, that go, that go, that go  
That shit go, that go, that go, that go  
That go, that go, that go, that go

I said lean wit it, rock, walk and pop lock  
get low, go, nigga, go dumb dont stop  
goin mayne dont let it  
knock it out like boxin and no sweatin  
King of the.. nah i aint gotta tell ya  
proof is in the put in, stop buyin dreams, we could sell  
ya  
matter of fact, dude built to last  
hit fast like cash before your ass even touch the grass  
haul, gas, 18 dumbalafa  
hyphy mixed with crunk call it criphy juice in our trunk  
ridin like there aint no tomorrow, blappin motor hot  
Got em stuntin, shakin they dreads at the bus stop  
talk to me rat, holla, man get at me  
clean pimpin, let me suck and twist em grape in the  
fatty  
Lean wit it, rock like the Franchise Boyz

No choir time, not listenin or makin noise  
young gun full of huh playin with the toys  
sukisa saki su, sum crazy boy

That shit go, that go, that go, that go  
That go, that go, that go, that go  
That shit go, that go, that go, that go  
That go, that go, that go, that go

That shit wet, then tell me no warnin  
battery fully charged, all night from this mornin  
one in the house and another for the car  
Repped Tiger Woods beat 30 points and the par  
Put an egg your shoe baby, get far  
Dime piece brizzle, oh for shizzle, cater to a star  
They still call me, Chef-Boy-R with a platinum jar  
Doin all-nighters, grinnin, grindin on a chicc  
do it back wudz he went this nah that nigga went that  
way

Ba Ba Ba Ba Baayyy, man we do this eryday  
Let that go, go somewhere wit all that  
Take this shit from the tip-top to the way back  
Raised in the Oakland City, I was born to mack  
Pimp talk from my mouth, words on the track  
I shoulda handled, bring my money back  
Still shootin with cannon how u wanna act

That shit go, that go, that go, that go  
That go, that go, that go, that go  
That shit go, that go, that go, that go  
That go, that go, that go, that go

Visit [Keak Da Sneak](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.